UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The World's Supreme Religious Festival

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Christmas Meditations

By MAUDE M. HOLBACH

Britannia: She Who Hesitates

By DEVERE ALLEN

The Spirit of America—A Peace Pageant

By BEULAH GREENE SQUIRES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CVI | MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1930 | NUMBER 15

ST. AUGUSTINE—430-1930 A. D.

Hear my prayer, O Lord; let not my soul faint under Thy discipline, nor let me faint in confessing unto Thee Thy mercies whereby Thou hast saved me from all my most mischievous ways. For even when I was learning vain things Thou didst grant me Thy discipline. I will now call to mind my past foulness and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it, recalling in the very bitterness of my remembrance my most vicious ways, that Thou mayest grow sweet to me, and recollecting myself out of that my dissipation, in which I was torn to pieces, while turned away from Thee, the One, I lost myself among many vanities. But Thou wert always by me, mercifully angry, and dashing with the bitterest vexations all my illicit pleasures in order that I might seek pleasures free from vexations. But where I could meet with such except in Thee, O Lord, I could not find,—except in Thee, who teachest by sorrow, and woundest to heal, and killest us that we may not die from Thee. . . .

Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and of Thy wisdom there is no end. And man, being a part of Thy creation, desires to praise Thee,—man, who bears about with him his mortality, who bears about with him the witness of his sin, even the witness that Thou "resistest the proud"—yet man, this part of Thy creation, desires to praise Thee. Thou movest us to delight in praising Thee; for Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee.

From the "Confessions."

The year 1930 has marked the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Augustine. Fifteen centuries is a long time for any man, however great, to be remembered. The enduring fame of the Bishop of Hippo is due primarily to his mind—a mind which precipitated into the world a volume of ordered thought so abundant, so vital, so rich in content and majestic in proportion, that it remains even to this late and unbelieving day one of the supreme intellectual achievements of all time. What Augustine did was to formulate a Christian philosophy out of the raw material provided by the Epistles of St. Paul. This philosophy as it came from the pen of the African saint, was so mighty a structure of ideas that it endured for more than a thousand years, when it was taken over and refashioned for another period of centuries by the genius of John Calvin. Its immortal monument is Augustine's vast work, "The City of God." But Augustine was not only a thinker but also a man. His stupendous influence through the ages is due not only to his thought but also to his life. Perhaps his writings could never have breathed such passion or attained such stature had it not been for the fact that he lived in his own experience the truth which he found projected in the Pauline Epistles. His career was one vast drama of sin and redemption, wrought in terms of psychological insight and vision which remain unmatched even until now. What "The City of God" was to his thought, St. Augustine's "Confessions" was to his life. Like Michael-Angelo, like Beethoven, Augustine was a titanic character—titanic alike in his works and in his days. His memory still shakes the soul, as of an earthquake which shook the world and sends down its tremors to our age.

It is foolish to conceal the fact that the adjournment of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission represents a complete collapse of the whole movement for disarmament. It is true, to be sure, that the Commission has set a date for the long-expected international conference to limit air, land, and sea armaments, but of what avail is such a procedure as this? While the conference is thus adjourned indefinitely into the future—indefinitely, because this postponement will undoubtedly be followed in due season by another—the nations of the world go right on building up their armaments on land, in the air, and on the sea, and thus making more than ever impossible any effective action by any disarmament conference which may by some chance in the providence of God actually succeed in getting together some time in the next ten years. The meetings of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission constituted a glaring revelation of the terror of the present international situation and the utter inability of the Commission, or the League of Nations itself, to handle it. Once again, as in the years immediately preceding the Great War, the world seems to be caught in the sweeping momentum toward another war. It is like a boat caught in the swift currents of the Niagara River and moving steadily toward the plunging descent over the Falls. Of course it is amusing, and to simple minds encouraging, to see grown men playing on the banks of the stream, making vigorous gestures, and throwing out little straws

into the foaming water, but a spectacle of this kind means nothing as regards the rescue of a world that is moving steadily toward disaster. The plaint of Germany is of course unanswerable. Germany was disarmed on the basis of the solemn pledge that the other nations would similarly disarm and thus reduce their armies and navies to the limits imposed upon us by the Versailles Treaty. The refusal of the great powers to fulfil their promise means but one thing and that is that they are interested not in peace but in preparing for war. The disgust of Germany, the cynicism of Soviet Russia, the despair of all intelligent people the world around, are fully justified by all that has happened in recent months. We still cling to hope as the only possibility of survival. So does a drowning man in mid-ocean cling to a life-preserver or a bit of driftwood! But what is the chance of being saved?

The drive has begun against Senator Robinson, of Arkansas. It started suddenly, without warning, and now is in full swing. His offense, so his own partisans are clamoring, is his compact with President Hoover to expedite legislation in the present short session of Congress. Just why this is an offense is difficult, at least for the ordinary man, to understand. One would think it would be a good thing to get the routine appropriation bills out of the way, if only for the sake of providing time for the consideration and passage of the great progressive bills—Senator Norris's Muscle Shoals bill, the same Senator's "lame-duck" bill, Senator Wagner's unemployment bills, etc. But no! "Senator Robinson has betrayed his position as leader of the Senate minority," says the *Nation*. But this is not all! Attacks are personal as well as political. Ever since his return from the London Conference, so we are told, Senator Robinson has been pompous and aloof, dictatorial and didactic. Worse than this, he has been wearing clothes that fit. Worse yet, he has donned spats. These seem trivial accusations. And so they are in themselves. But as signs of a sudden determination to "break" Senator Robinson, to destroy his political leadership and influence, to demote him from his leadership of the Democratic Party, they are significant. For the Arkansas Senator is in the way—*of the "wet" campaign for the destruction of Prohibition!* Lo and behold, at this very moment when the "wets" are congratulating themselves over what they call their great victory in the last election, and are girding up their loins for the capture of both national conventions in 1932, Senator Robinson comes out flat-footedly *against* the repeal of the 18th Amendment! This is the heaviest blow that the "wets" have suffered since the beginning of their recent drive. What wonder that they are wild with dismay, and have decreed the political death of the unregenerate Senator! From now on the "wet" press will reek with ridicule and denunciation of this man. Like the pro-slavery crowd before the Civil War, the "wets" are out to destroy everybody who will not toe the mark.

Recent performances of Bishop Manning of New York have passed all bounds of reason, and seem to indicate that once again the gods are making mad the man whom they have decided to destroy. His use of canon law in the interest of intolerance and rigid dogmatism has long since become familiar, but last month reached a limit which left even his supporters breathless with dismay. A communion service in the interest of church unity had been arranged at Saint Bartholomew's Church. In accordance with the will of the Bishop, the communion service was left wholly in the hands of duly ordained Episcopal rectors, the ministers of other churches graciously deferring to Dr. Manning on this point. It was agreed, however, that the sermon should be preached by a non-Episcopalian. Promptly and decisively the Bishop forbade this service on the ground that the canon law did not permit a clergyman of another faith to preach at a communion service in an Episcopal church. This, of course, was stretching the application of the canon to an utterly unreasonable limit, for the spirit of an occasion when religious leaders were trying to attain "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," it could have been agreed that the sermon in question would be preached either before or after the communion service proper. But the Bishop was obdurate, and this gathering of Christian brethren was abandoned. But this was not the end! A few weeks later the New York Churchmen's Association, a club of Episcopal clergymen of which Bishop Manning is a member, invited Judge Ben Lindsey to address the group on the subject of companionate marriage. The Bishop, when he heard the news, promptly "forbade" the Churchmen's Association to hear Judge Lindsey and ordered the members to withdraw their invitation. This raised the issue of free speech, the right of mature men to listen to a discussion of an important public question. It also raised the issue of ecclesiastical authority, for Bishop Manning had no more right to interfere with the New York Churchmen's Association than with the Liberal Ministers Club. His clergy, 150 in number, promptly rose in rebellion, defied the Bishop, and went ahead with their program. Whereupon the Bishop rose in his cathedral pulpit, denounced his clergy, and deliberately vilified Judge Lindsey! It would seem as though Dr. Manning had reached at last the farthest degree of arrogance. To the outsider it is incredible that the medieval ruler of the greatest Episcopal diocese in the country should be longer tolerated either by the clergy or the laity. Why is not this narrow-minded, blind, impudent man dethroned from the noble office which he disgraces, and the Episcopal church

thus relieved of the odium and shame of one who betrays its spirit and thus repudiates its best religious ideals?

UNITY mourns sincerely at the grave of Dr. William E. Barton, dead on December 7th. We had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Barton on several occasions and found him always a man of dignity, courtesy, and noble fellowship. His work in the field of Lincolniana constituted a remarkable contribution to American historical literature. It is our judgment that his two volume biography of Lincoln takes rank with the best that has ever been written upon this great subject, and we feel certain that it will be long remembered. Around this masterpiece he gathered a series of volumes on special topics pertaining to the life of the martyr-president, and these books all have their special value. In this field Dr. Barton has won immortality, for his work will be consulted in all future researches into the Lincoln story. We also enjoyed greatly the role which Dr. Barton played in recent years as "Safed the Sage." There was a wisdom in "Safed's" writings in the *Christian Century* which is rare these days, and there was a tenderness also which frequently touched the heart. But Dr. Barton is most to be remembered, here at least, as an able, devoted, scholarly, and broad-minded minister of religion. He was a hater of sham and hypocrisy. He had a wholesome contempt for the futile inanities of much of the contemporary work of the churches. He cherished high ideals of religious unity and scorned the feebleness of the churches in seeking their appointed goal of fellowship. His convictions were always his own and were expressed without fear or favor. More than once here in UNITY we won his correction or rebuke, but even his sharpest word never shook our confidence in his essential goodwill. Dr. Barton was a light of the church in his day and generation, and a shadow of deep darkness has fallen over the church's altar in that his light is quenched.

"No other figure of antiquity means so much in so many ways to the modern world as ——."—*Charles Edward Russell.* We will give the readers of this paper ten guesses —nay, *twenty* guesses—as to the man who Mr. Russell names in the above unqualified passage. Indeed, we might extend the twenty to one hundred, and still be on the safe side. Is it Jesus of Nazareth, founder of the religion which has dominated all the western world for nearly two thousand years, whose very birth-date marks the close of antiquity and the opening of modernity? Not at all! Then perhaps it is Plato, or Socrates, from the currents of whose teachings all western thought has flowed like a river from a fountain? Wrong again! Then, to try another field, it must be Julius Caesar, named by Froude the greatest man who ever lived, and by Mommsen, the maker of the Roman Empire upon the ruins of which the modern world was reared? No, still wrong! Well, then, who can it be? Alexander the Great, who conquered the East, and spread the contagion of Greek culture through the farthest regions of the globe? Buddha, founder of the oldest and largest religion known to man? Herodotus, the father of history? Alfred the Great, founder and preserver of Anglo-Saxon culture which has spanned the planet? Not these? Then who can it be? What great man is there who exceeds in influence and power these titans? Charles Edward Russell thinks he has found one, and celebrates him in a biography published not so many moons ago. We think his selection dubious, yet a new candidate for supreme honors always interests us, and we pass the nomination along to our readers. Do some more guessing this week, and then next week turn to "Jottings" and find the answer to the riddle.

The World's Supreme Religious Festival

Probably it is no extravagance to claim that Christmas as it is coming more and more to be understood and celebrated by intelligent people, is quite the most historically significant and intrinsically beautiful religious festival in the entire world.

This is due in part to the remarkable origin of the day. We think of Christmas as a Christian festival. And rightly; for such preeminently it is. And yet it is not exclusively Christian. It is Christian and more. Like so many other of our best inheritances, it comes from further back toward the world's morning than we had thought, and is rich with a larger significance. Christmas means all of that which, as Christians, we are accustomed to associate with it, but it means very much additional. Christendom did not create it, but borrowed it from non-Christian lands and peoples, and from religions which were hoary with age ere Christianity was born.

Traces of the observance of a festival betraying the same rudimentary characteristics are discovered as far back as historical researches extend. Whenever found they are traces of kindliness and geniality, and especially of joy expressing itself in every form of jubilant demonstration. The primary occasion of the joy was the fact that the days which had been growing shorter and shorter for months, at last began to grow longer again, and the sun which had passed far to the south and sent down even at noon only oblique and comparatively feeble rays upon the earth, had begun to return north and to send down his beams from a path daily higher up the sky and more nearly overhead. Up to almost the twenty-fifth of December,

darkness and cold had been steadily gaining on the world—darkness and cold—those two most deadly enemies of man and of all life and beauty and joy; but now there was sure sign that these enemies were giving way and that warmth and light had obtained victory and were coming back. What could have been more natural, therefore, than that men very widely—not in one nation only but in many nations—should have instituted a religious festival at this season of the year to indicate their joy and thankfulness?

Perhaps in ancient Persia, the home of the Sun-Worshipers, this December Festival, which finally developed into our Christmas, assumed its most splendid and imposing form. Here the exuberant "Greeting of Mithras," the God of the Sun, the Lord of Light, beginning on December twenty-fifth, occupied forty days, with triumph and magnificence.

We are told that in the early morning the multitude assembled, to salute the sun at his rising.

The magi (or priests) clad in white robes, singing hymns, bearing the sacred fire in censers of silver, followed the High Priest to the place of adoration; youths 365 in number, to represent the days of the year, and robed in scarlet to symbolize flame, lengthened the procession. The Chariot of the Sun, decorated with flowers and drawn by white horses, superbly caparisoned, came after these. The royalty and nobility of the kingdom riding in chariots, or mounted on camels or horses, did all that splendor could to glorify the day. In stately march, the procession, facing the East, ascended the holy hill. There, with incense and prayer, the singing of hymns, the noise of musical instruments, songs of priests, shouts and choruses of the people, pomp of ritual and pean of praise, the heart of the nation poured out its torrent of jubilation.

The form which this December festival took in ancient Italy is much more familiar to us. It is known as the Saturnalia. This Roman or Italian holiday which was celebrated particularly in honor of Saturnus, the tutelary deity of agriculture, was turbulent with the same joy and ecstasy which appeared in connection with the Persian Festival of Mithras. The three days of the observance of the Saturnalia were devoted to general relaxation and merriment.

Feasting and mirth, gifts and congratulations, songs and rustic processions, were the rule with all classes. Crowds of festive people thronged the streets; distinctions of rank were laid aside; masks, fool's caps, quaint costumes, grotesque dances, and mummeries, gave fantastic expression to the gladness. The public offices were closed; courts of law were suspended; schools were shut; servants had unusual liberties; slaves were allowed to wear the garb and assume the names of freemen.

Passing to ancient Scandinavia, we find a feast of joy held at the same time of the year, called the Mother-Night, because, being reckoned the first night of the year, it seemed to be the mother of those that came after. Its general character was much the same as that of the festivals of Persia and Italy.

In ancient Germany, the corresponding festival was called the Yule-Feast. In the Edda, the sacred book of the old time northern peoples, the sun is represented as a shining-wheel, and the Yule-Feast celebrated the commencement of the return of this fiery sun-wheel from its journey too far to the south. Perhaps of all the festivals of the non-Christian world celebrated at this season of the year in honor of the lengthening day and the returning sun, this of Germany is the one that has impressed its distinctive features most upon our Christmas.

It is generally taken for granted by the people of Christendom to-day that Christmas is celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December because we know that to be the day on which Jesus was born. But this we do not know. He may have been born on that day, and he may not; we simply have no knowledge on the subject.

We do not even know when the Christians began keeping any day at all in honor of the Great Teacher's birth. The earliest certain traces we have of such a day are found about the time of the Roman Emperor Commodus in the last half of the second century. In the reign of Diocletian, about 300 A. D., while that ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in a church near by to celebrate the birth of Jesus; and we are told that, having ordered the church door to be closed, he set fire to the building; and all the worshipers perished in the flames.

It does not appear that there was among the early Christians any uniformity of date, or fixed time in the year, for observing the nativity. Some celebrated it in May or April, others in January. By the fifth century the usage of the churches had generally settled upon the 25th of December.

The reason for the choice of that particular date seems obvious. Of course it was much easier and simpler for the churches to take an old festival, venerable with antiquity, and dear to the hearts of the people, and turn that to a somewhat different use, than it would have been to undertake to root out the old festival and introduce another entirely new and strange, and at a different time of the year. Moreover, the idea which lay at the heart of the existing December festival—a returning sun, growing light and warmth and hope of a summer by and by—was not an idea in any way hostile to Christianity; indeed, it was one which Christians might well perpetuate and foster. Hence what could have been more natural or more fitting than for the church to do just what it did, viz.: take the twenty-fifth of December, the date of the Mithras festival, the Saturnalia, the Mother-Night and the Yule-Feast as a day to be celebrated by her as the Anniversary of the birth of him whom she had always loved to think of as preeminently the Light and Joy of the World?

When this heathen festival had thus become Christian by taking on a new name, and to some extent a new significance, it was natural for the Church to endeavor to strip it of some of its more objectionable features. This was accomplished. And yet many of

the distinctive characteristics—the better characteristics—of its pagan predecessors, especially those of jubilation, clung to it, and have remained.

In the Middle Ages nothing was more conspicuous in connection with the celebration of Christmas among all the Teutonic and Scandinavian peoples than the Yule log, which was dragged in triumph from the woods, each wayfarer raising his hat to it as it passed. This was placed upon the fire in the great fireplace of the baronial hall, to shine for the honor of Christ as in the older times it had shined for the honor of Thor; to light the Christian feasters and singers and story-tellers and dancers and jesters and players of blind-man's-buff and such like games, as it had lighted the similar sports and wilder joys of their pagan ancestors in former days. Our American, English and German open fires at Christmas are reminiscent of that old-time Yule-log; even as the burning of that probably had some unrecognized connection with an earlier and far-off worship of the sun.

The mistletoe which hangs in the place of honor in many English and some American homes at Christmas in our day, probably comes down from the ancient Druids. Our Christmas tree comes to us from as far back as the old Romans,—mention of it with its adornments being made by Virgil. Our practice of giving Christmas presents is traceable to a far-off antiquity; and the same is true of the green wreaths with which we decorate our churches and our homes. Not a few of these things, as we have seen, are symbols by which men, even long before the birth of Christianity, signified their faith in the power of the returning sun once more to clothe the dead earth with greenness and life and to adorn the naked trees again with beauty and fruits, and so bring joy to the world.

Thus we see that our Christmas has a history which is probably older and richer in significance than that of any other religious holiday known to mankind. In a very real sense, the festival gathers up all the pre-Christian ages into itself, and then it enters Christianity to run a career more interesting and remarkable still.

Its contact with Christianity made it, to a greater extent than previously it had ever been, not alone a Joy festival, but also a Child-festival,—preeminently the Child-festival of the world. In being chosen to represent the birthday of Jesus, it became permanently and indissolubly associated with the very sweetest, tenderest, loveliest, happiest side of Christianity—the side of the heart, the side of the home, the side of the child-nature and the child-spirit, the side which the Prophet Isaiah had in mind when he said: "The little child shall lead them"; and of which Jesus saw the beauty and glory when he "took the little children in his arms and blessed them," and declared: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Christmas has not had an unbroken history of popular favor. Always there have been individual Christians who have seen in its spirit of joy something to fear. At different times, too, there have been whole sects and denominations that have dreaded and shunned it because of its joyous nature. After generally flourishing as a festival throughout the Middle Ages, it was frowned on and as far as possible suppressed by the Puritans of Great Britain in the sixteenth century and by the Puritans of both Great Britain and America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Their religion had in it little joy, and therefore no place for a festival of gladness, like Christmas. Some of us can remember the time when, in New England and elsewhere, Christmas was very little observed.

Now its observance is almost universal. What has caused the change? I think the causes may be said to have been two.

One was the gradual softening of the hard and stern theology of the former generations, and the coming in its place of a religion of greater sweetness and light. The other was the appearance in the modern world of Washington Irving's Sketch Book, with its Christmas Papers, and of Charles Dickens' writings, particularly his Christmas Carol. It is certain that these works had a very great influence both in England and in this country, in calling attention to this value of Christmas and in kindling in society that genial, hearty, joyous spirit of hospitality and good feeling which is so marked a feature of the Christmas season to-day.

In many ways Christmas is a blessing to us all who come in contact with its influence. This is so partly because it is a festival of joy, but still more because it is preeminently the children's festival. In connection with most holidays there are many other interests that crowd to the front. But at Christmas thought about the children is first in all hearts.

Broken families gather together at the Christmas time. Sons and daughters that have grown up and married, and moved far away, come back to the old home, bringing their children with them. Thus at Christmas there are multitudes of re-unions of families, including not one but two or three generations. Grandfathers and grandmothers renew in imagination the happy days when they had little ones of their own. In their grandchildren they see their own children living again as happy boys and girls.

Christmas makes everybody young. We represent Santa Claus as an old man, with white hair. But is any child younger in spirit than he? Is anybody younger at Christmas than the white-haired grandfathers and grandmothers who gather their grandchildren about them?

The reason Christmas is so emphatically a Children's Day is, that it takes us in thought straight back

to Jesus the Child. Christmas comes speaking ever of a Babe just from God. As James Russell Lowell says:

> The miracle fades out of history,
> But faith and wonder and the primal earth
> Are born into the world with every child.

Priceless are the treasures that God gives to the world in its children! What saviors children are! How they rescue us from our sordidnesses, our selfishnesses, our glooms, by making us love them, and care for them, and dance with them, and sacrifice for them, and pour out our hearts' best treasure on them! How they strengthen the best that is in us, and draw us, allure us, almost frighten us out of our meannesses and deceits and low thoughts and ways, by the constant, the large, the unsuspecting trust they have in us, —a trust so beautiful and so confiding that for very shame we must not, we cannot, do otherwise than try to make ourselves worthy of it! How they pour hope into our hearts in our darkest days! How truly are they very angels from Heaven, sent us in mercy as well as in love!

Banish the flowers from the fields, if you will, so that they shall never bloom again! Pluck the stars from the sky; hush the music of all the birds and the brooks; decree that there shall be no more glorious sunsets or bright rainbows,—but leave us the children! —the children, with faces fairer than the flowers, with eyes brighter than the stars, with laugh and song sweeter than brook or bird!—for they are nothing less than God's best and most precious gifts to a plodding, sorrowing, struggling humanity!

Jesus a babe! How real and human and near it makes the Great Teacher seem to us when we think of him as a child in his mother's arms! And how fitting it is that the birthday of one who so tenderly loved the little children around him that he won their trust and took them up in his arms, should be celebrated through all time and over the world as preeminently the Children's Day, and therefore the gladdest day of the year!

Well may we thank Heaven for the gift to the world of the Child born in far-off Palestine nigh two thousand years ago, thought about whom and love for whom have done so much to make all child-nature sacred, to put the beautiful spirit of hope and trust and joy into human hearts, and to lift humanity nearer to God!

J. T. Sunderland.

Jottings

It always tickles us, when we get thinking about it, that in this age of the world's history Albert Einstein, the greatest mind of his time, is at once a *German* and a Jew!

A speak-easy proprietor in New York is quitting because she is tired of being raided by federal officers. This is a parable of the times. The enforcement of Prohibition has only to continue patiently, relentlessly, inexorably, and our "wet" friends will weary of the struggle and get out.

An investigation of crime conditions in eighty-eight cities of this country having a combined population in excess of 25,000,000 shows a total of 2,358,-428 arrests last year. Of this total, 439,357 were for liquor law violations, and 1,091,963 for traffic law violations. In the spirit of the "wets" who argue that the multiplicity of liquor law offenses is an argument for the repeal of liquor laws, we now plead, on the basis of the above statistics, for the repeal of traffic laws.

"Logic is logic, is all I say."

When in 1824 the Marquis de Lafayette rode up Broadway to be received by the Mayor of New York as the guest of the nation, the crowds threw down roses upon him from the windows of the buildings. Now, on such occasions, the crowds throw down ticker-tape! Thus do times change.

Scribner's Magazine has been publishing a series of imaginative artices on what would have happened if Lincoln had not been assassinated, if Lee had won the battle of Gettysburg, if Napoleon had escaped to America. We suggest that they publish a second series of contemporary articles on what would have happened if Roosevelt had been elected President in 1912, if Wilson had not taken America into the War in 1917, if Coolidge had been a wastrel and a waster, if "Al" Smith had been in the White House when the stock crash came.

Inflated Reputations. (1) Dwight Morrow, who became one of our greatest Americans the day after he became a "wet." J. H. H.

Love Made Him God

He was a God to man
Because he gave himself
To serve their need.
The power of love in him
Raised his humanity to heights divine.

No mystery is here
To baffle thought.
No grandeur of the soul
Beyond our reach.
Love made him God.

And by that selfsame love
We too may share with him
Divinity.

Victor E. Southworth.

Christmas Meditations

I.

Christmas Cards

It is the middle of January. Twelfth Day, when according to tradition the holly and mistletoe which have adorned our homes during the Yuletide Festival, should vanish and the cards of greeting from friends near and far that overflow the mantelshelf and every other place in my room which can be found for them, should be put by with those of former years, most likely never to be looked at again. But they are still here. I pleaded with my housekeeper, who finds trouble in dusting them, for a few days delay. I am loth to part with those tangible signs of love and friendship that seem like the clasp of a kindly hand. Some came with little gifts, some with a letter, and some alone from busy folk who had no time for more but thought of me.

Fairies riding the bough of a Christmas Tree, with a starry sky behind them, came from the land of Christmas trees. Beside them is a beautiful "Flight into Egypt" from a Quaker friend—then a card from Italy, reproducing a Della Robbia relief from one I knew long ago, and who still remembered me at Christmas.

Alpine flowers blooming hard by the snow carry me in thought to Switzerland, and then there are the animal cards, of which I get not a few, for all who know me know my love of the little brothers in fur and feather. A pretty little Pekinese will be my daily companion throughout the year, for the calendar he adorns will have its home in my hand bag. The same applies to a pussy of aristocratic lineage, destined to hang on the wall. A card which a child painted for me with a sprig of holly is specially treasured for the pains she took to please me. Then there are the private greeting cards bearing kindly thoughts and good wishes, and they are many. So my eyes dwell first on one and then on another and I think in turn of their senders, perhaps unconsciously ask a blessing on them, and feel we are linked together by those little pasteboard symbols of goodwill coming from year to year.

Many, I am sure, must feel as I do about their Christmas cards, though they may not stop to put their feelings into words, and if from millions of homes go out such thoughts as my cards have brought to me a flood of goodwill is released that would otherwise never escape to water the barren earth.

Tomorrow I shall put my cards away, touching them tenderly for the sake of those who sent them, but their work will go on until Christmas comes again.

II.

Fulfilment

I have attained a life-long dream. This Christmas I sit by my own fireside, while the South West wind howls round my cottage—that cottage in the West Country I dreamed of as a child. So maybe that it is true that every strong wish finds its own fulfilment.

I have had other homes—there was the beautiful one to which I went as a bride of nineteen, but it was not my own as is this humble cot. My husband was tenant, not owner, and I had but a secondary interest in it as his wife, though I loved it well. There was a little timber-built house in California that after change of fortune we called home, and in later years the Italian Villa on the sunny vine clad slopes of the mountains that guard Lago Maggiore. It wrung my heart to leave it, but now I see that it was well, for ever and anon in forty years of world wandering "I heard the West a'calling"—the far South West of my native land with its rock bound coast and emerald sea lapping little coves of golden sand, with its wooded valleys, fern clad lanes and soft air, which is often moist like a child's kiss, but gentle and caressing. The land of legend and quaint Celtic lore, where the rush of modern life may be forgotten—sea girt sunny Cornwall.

And surely fairies guided me when I came Westwards, broken in health and fortune with something of the wild creatures' craving to be far from the haunts of men, to this sweet spot and found a wee thatched cottage that had been the home of many generations of humble sons of toil but was rescued from neglect and beautified by loving hands before I knew it, without hurt to its old world charm.

Who but fairies worked the miracle that enabled me to possess it—a minute freehold of my own?

And so my celebration of Christmas this year is a vivid experience—thrilling as are only the deepest emotions of the soul—the fulfilment of a dream. Others may see in me only a lonely elderly woman, they may even pity me going about in an invalid chair, or sitting in my cottage garden among the flowers, who once was fleet of foot.

Little do they know that my heart is singing with the birds the world's Magnificat; that every graceful fern and wayside flower is to me a revelation and a joy that life as I live it now is infinitely worth while.

Perhaps the children know it, for they too are friends with the birds and beasts and flowers—and with me. Can it be that I still have the heart of a child, and so I visit fairyland with them? Nay rather I dwell there, and share their blessedness.

MAUDE M. HOLBACH.

To All Wise Men of the East and West

On Christmas, 1930

Oh Master minds, whose power hath wrought
For man both good and ill,
The mighty wheels of Industry
O'er all the earth grow still.
Oh find the new-born child of hope
And that new hope fulfil:
Behold in human problems now,
A challenge to thy skill!

The valiant youth of every land
Stand ready now to serve!
The highest good of all mankind
Calls forth this vast reserve!
On heights of world-wide vision trained
Life's values to conserve,
The world to-morrow theirs to build
With brain and heart and nerve!

MARIAN KATHERINE BROWN.

Britannia: She Who Hesitates*

It is indeed a harassed world, wallowing in its own mistakes, going through a time of travail from which no single country is exempt. But among the nations, none is more torn with indecision, none faced by more important choices, none within which leadership is more fraught with opportunity or peril, than Great Britain. And there are few things more important to world peace than a sympathetic understanding, on our side of the Atlantic, of her multitudinous problems.

Is there trade depression in America? There has been trade depression in England ever since the War. Are the plain people of the States fearful of the winter, not knowing how many weeks before the army of the unemployed is swelled by greater waves of raw recruits? England has had its army of workless workers for a decade, piling up and up till it seems amazing that the economic life of the "tight little isle" has not been utterly disrupted. Are there political uncertainties and divisions in the U. S. A. over prohibition, foreign policy, disarmament? In all save prohibition, England is split not once but several ways. Into the Briton's mind has crept a suspicion that the last-resort fatalism of a successful "muddling through" may have grown less magical amid the stern post-war realities.

Nevertheless, whatever the historical ethics of the case may be, Britain's voice is still a world-wide voice, and when it speaks a million million listen. At the present time, it is speaking very faintly, with a faintness less of weakness than of all-pervasive doubt. Through the whole social fabric runs the same strain of perplexed, even bewildered, groping after tangible solutions.

Who could have foreseen that Britain, historic center of free trade, would be the scene of a long-drawn battle for high tariffs? On free trade, England has grown great; on free trade, she has recovered from a dozen serious economic emergencies; the names of Bright and Cobden have been reverenced not only by free traders of the propagandist school, but of politicians even in the ranks of the Conservatives. But today, the rest of the world settles back defensively, and sometimes sullenly, behind high tariff walls. The United States demands payment of its war debts and at the same time adopts a tariff measure increasing enormously the task of paying back those debts. Thus in England a Protectionist campaign has swept the cautious Stanley Baldwin so nearly into the ranks of the out-and-out "food taxers" that his leadership is all but dependent upon acceding to their wishes.

Even within the Labor Party, despite Mr. Snowden's adamantine front for strict free trade, a formidable revolt is under way which emanates from the huge trade unions, and which possesses for its mouthpiece Sir Oswald Mosley, a young man of great brilliance, ample means, persuasive eloquence, and a faith in tariffs as "insulation from the shock of world conditions." The next election, whatever be its superficial aspects, will most certainly be fought around this issue; and the Liberal Party, which is today chiefly Mr. Lloyd George, and which is most definitely free trade of all three, is a rapidly declining force in national affairs. Whatever one's views about protective tariffs generally, he should not fail to consider their international influence, their effect on world peace, their inevitable result in augmented nationalism the world around.

England, too, is a country custom made. The atmosphere of bygone centuries is dominant far more than in many a less developed land. Through the whole nation runs a note of conflict, conflict between old ways and new, old ideals and new values, expressing itself as often as not in conflicts between the older and newer generations. Is it business? The meetings of boards ring with the challenges of young men to the unchanging ways of the elders. Is it religion? Vastly more than in the States is the younger generation voicing its impatience—usually, in fact, an emotion more accurately labelled as disgust—at "the dominance of old beliefs." Is it political life? The meetings of the Conservative Party are rough and tumble affairs, and the cry is often heard that it is time to get rid of "the old gang." The ranks of the Liberal Party are a bit more harmonious as far as youth and age is a criterion; but chiefly because they count for less and are a weak Third Party. The Socialist cause is not one cause but two, characterized by an intense and sometimes acrimonious struggle between "the Elder Statesmen" and the young men of the Independent Labor Party, who are aghast at what they consider the compromises of their leaders.

The political situation—there will always be a political situation in the British Isles—is, however, far more than a battle of youth and age. Every one of the three parties is rent asunder, though they are still forced by circumstances and the possibility of a general election in the spring to keep up an appearance of unity. Mr. Hoover may sometimes feel that he does not have the easiest time in trying to drive a team with so many restless war horses in it; but his worst tribulations in the next two years will be like the Prime Minister's everyday diet. Recently, also, Mr. Baldwin was given a party vote of confidence, but more than twenty per cent of his supposed supporters turned against him, and the by-election at South Paddington made his own candidate seem ridiculous, while the nationalistic Beaverbrook, insurgent and unrepentant advocate of higher and higher tariffs, saw his picked man win. I do not desire to appear unduly cynical; but I venture to believe that something more than the public excuse of "patriotism" and an unwillingness to precipitate a general election while the India Round Table Conference is under way, is holding back the Conservative Party from an overly militant demeanor.

Within the Liberal ranks, while Mr. Lloyd George still holds the reins, at least forty prominent Liberals do not hesitate to vote with Labor against his commands or against Labor likewise, when they choose. It is a humiliating thing for the Liberals to serve as Labor's flunky in the House; but they know well that if an election were held tomorrow, the result would be a Conservative victory, and the Liberal Party would be obsolete whereas now it is but obsolescent. And while outwardly Labor, torn as it is, seems most united, no political observer in England would be surprised to see by spring, when the unemployment figures have mounted higher as they most assuredly will, a Ministerial defeat followed by a Conservative Government

*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Allen, now in Europe, on phases of the peace and general international situation.—Editor.

and a strong Labor opposition led by more venturesome and less wavering spirits. For it is a solemn truth—and I say it as one who has been a MacDonald partisan—that the present Government is feeble and uncertain, matching very little in performance the noble utterances of the Prime Minister from the rostrum; and even when every allowance is made for the extraordinary difficulties the Cabinet has faced, there is reason why so much of the Labor movement throughout the country believes it has been "let down."

The crux of the matter is, of course, the unemployment situation. To her credit be it said that England did not sit down and leave the relief of her jobless workers merely to chance charity. The Government with MacDonald the same as the Government with Stanley Baldwin, stood behind the dole. And the dole, be it understood, is not charity. While it comes largely out of the Government, it comes also in part from the contributions of employers and the payments of workers into a special fund. This is often sadly misrepresented in the States. It is an investment against starvation, crime, degeneration, despair, and even revolution.

It is not, however, a far-sighted policy on unemployment. Mr. MacDonald appears to have made Mr. Hoover's error in promising too much, and now he too is the victim of world economic collapse for which he is not personally much responsible. But the man on the street does not consider that unemployment is acute in "prosperous" America; that the wide world is failing to cope with its most excuseless problem. He sees that the number of unemployed has doubled since the MacDonald regime went into office. And he is right, essentially, in feeling critical. For it is freely admitted by all hands, when they are off the public platform, that Mr. J. H. Thomas made a mess of his job of getting more jobs, and as a matter of fact he has been punished by failure to be re-elected to his party's Executive Committee. Apart from the unemployment of the last year, due to world depression, scant relief has been found for the old unemployment or that which is due to new machines. What is more dismal, there is a widespread feeling, not lessened by the honest criticism of labor people within the ranks, that the present Government even now is without an unemployment policy.

No less uncertain is the country when it comes to matters of Empire. The Imperial Conference revealed greatly divergent opinions among the constituent nations. Not only have there been divisive moves over questions of trade preference and tariffs, but on political and racial matters also. It will redound, in historical perspective, to the credit of the MacDonald Ministry, that at this juncture a great step was taken all but inconspicuously, toward the transition from Empire to Commonwealth. For when the Irish Free State voiced the convictions of South Africa and other States within the Empire and said flatly that the crucial *right to secede* was not to be debated but to be taken for granted, not one whit of protest went up from the Government, though, where it dared, the nationalist press became more than a mite astringent. It has further been the fixed policy of MacDonald to consult the dominions before going ahead with major international commitments. It is on the racial side that deep antagonisms lie. General Hertzog's policy in Africa of denying equal social or even political rights to the natives, merely on grounds of color, basically has come into conflict with the Government's native policy as announced in the recent White Paper on East Africa, an enlightened document which need terrify only those who would have prejudice enthroned forever. But more will yet be heard of this matter, for neither afield nor at home are Britons at all agreed regarding the extension of equal rights to African natives.

On one score in particular the entire British people are to be admired. Explain it how you try, the fact remains, I am convinced, that among the masses there is a stronger humanitarian feeling than in the States. Rarely does one hear from the lips of a judge or the pen of an editor harsh demands for stern treatment of criminals. In fact, again and again within a few weeks I have noted cases of the utmost sympathy and leniency. There are great blocks of the British legal practice which many Americans would label soft and sentimental, from the London police who carry no guns or long billies, to judges who refuse to sentence rigorously even defiant youths but instead bend their energies toward salvage. Yet it is worth noting that in this country, long ravaged by unemployment, and possessing slums and mining villages that are the talk of the world for dire distressful living, prisons are being sold or broken up. In England and Wales, where the population has increased normally since 1913, the prison population has decreased from 18,000 to 11,000. Recently, when so-called "gorilla-wrestling" was imported from New York, it aroused so great a protest that it had to be abandoned. And, whether Wet or Dry (and I assume my readers chiefly to be the latter) it is of interest to see that drunkenness declined last year in England by more than 3,600 cases.

It is plain to anyone that, despite the presence of jingoes and advocates of war and huge preparedness, the masses of the people are warm and deeply sincere in their advocacy of peace. The British peace movement is more widespread and more numerous, in proportion, than ours. An astonishing number of renowned clergymen have declared it their intention never to aid another war; Canon Donaldson of Westminster Abbey is one.

On the eve of Armistice Day the churches' section of the No More War Movement—the organization of determined war resisters, or conscientious objectors—drew 7,000 people to Royal Albert Hall for a great peace dedication service addressed by Dr. Frederick Norwood. Imagine that in the United States! And the Societies which count among their members thousands fully as sincere, but who cannot bring themselves to take so drastic a position, are a power to be reckoned with in the formation of foreign policy. Nor do I think that any fair person will deny that the present Government, whatever be its faults, has contributed a spirit of co-operation to the deliberations at Geneva that have helped pave the way for peace progress which, at present, other nations than Great Britain are responsible for holding up. In signing the Optional Clause to the World Court, in pressing for land disarmament, and in numerous minor ways which concretely embody a peace-will, England's voice has counted worthily.

But peace can never be peace without justice. There sits on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street a problem which cuts into every moral question a modern people have to face. Verily, there are times when a

tancied tail may wag a dog, biology to the contrary notwithstanding. And in the question of India, signalized by the Round Table Congress now under way, and by a revolt far off in the aroused subcontinent, lies an issue most momentous.

In a subsequent article, when developments have proceeded further, I shall discuss this problem in its world significance. DEVERE ALLEN.

The Spirit of America

A Peace Pageant

Characters

The Spirit of America
The Spirit of Wealth
The Spirit of Wisdom
The Spirit of Liberty
The Spirit of Love
The Spirit of Truth
The Spectre of War

Scene—A softly lighted stage with a large American flag on a standard in the center back. A beautiful young woman dressed in a rose gown is pacing restlessly back and forth; she pauses in front of the flag and lifting the folds kisses them reverently and then as they fall from her hands, she speaks:

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—You seem a'weary, oh, my flag, you droop from my fingers and do not leap and gambol as you have been wont to do; we have led our peoples many years, you and I—*(she lifts the flag again)* you are the symbol of an idea *(turning toward audience)*, and I am the Spirit of America *(turns again toward the flag)*; but methinks, today you are sad, you droop, and I, too, seem to feel fetters about my soul. What are these shackles that bind my hands and chain my feet. *(She listens.)* I seem to hear voices, calling—calling to me—the Spirit of America—to come—they are the voices of those oppressed—they are the voices of little children — I seem to hear mothers pleading for the lives of their sons—they are being shot and torn and I cannot move to help them. See! my feet are holden and my hands fall at my side. Come, you that bind my spirit; speak that I may know why the Spirit of America is in shackles.

(A spirit dressed in gold and carrying heavy money bags enters and speaks.)

SPIRIT OF WEALTH—Spirit of America, I have heard your call and I have come to bid you be patient. I am the Spirit of Wealth; in these bags I hold the wealth of the world, it is yours, Spirit of America, I give it to you that it may make your country the richest nation on earth. You may pour it out and build great navies, you may equip splendid armies that will awe the world, you may build great universities of learning where scientists may learn the secrets of the heavens. With this gold you can harness rivers and bridge chasms; you can till fields and build houses and with this America and the children of America can laugh at the world.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—Perhaps it is gold that holds my feet. But look, Spirit of Wealth, our flag—it does not leap and flutter in the breeze as it has been wont to do; can you not speak that it may gambol once more before my people.

SPIRIT OF WEALTH—The flag is heavy with my gold; its drooping is but that of dignity and prudence. You would not have it leap and gambol as it did in the days of America's youth.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—But what is it that ties my hands—methinks there are other things that bind; surely it is not wealth alone that chains my spirit.

(She stands as if lost in thought and a spirit dressed in purple and black academic robes enters and speaks.)

SPIRIT OF WISDOM—Spirit of America, I have come. I am the Spirit of Wisdom. I carry in the folds of my garments all the knowledge that America has gained during her childhood and early youth; now that she stands on the verge of maturity I would guard her that she may not stumble. I hold in my hands invention, science and learning and I give them to you, Spirit of America, that you may develop your people into a great nation.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—It is well—gladly do I accept all that you have to offer, but look—my flag—with wealth and wisdom why does it not lift its proud stripes and let them flutter out and out to the uttermost parts of the world. And why are not its stars twinkling as a symbol of goodwill to all mankind? Where is Liberty? Is not the Spirit of Liberty in the folds of my flag, as well as Wealth and Wisdom.

(A spirit in white with a girdle of red, white and blue enters and speaks.)

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY—Behold, I am the Spirit of Liberty. I stand guard at the gate of America. Men have fought and died in my name that the Spirit of America might triumph. I am also Justice; in my hands are the scales of balance and from my watch tower I decide who shall enter my America. I traverse the country from sea to sea and at the rustle of my robes men and women and little children will raise their hands and shout; then they will lay down their lives for a cause I deem worthy. All this, oh, Spirit of America, I give to you.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—I feel a strange pulsing in my breast and it almost seems that the folds of my flag are stirred by you.

(She points to the flag whose folds are gently stirring. This effect can be achieved by the use of an electric fan.)

SPIRIT OF AMERICA — But, no — the flag stills again. Oh, spirits that hover over my great American people, I do homage to you. Spirit of Wealth, I love your fertile plains, your busy wheels of industry and your great machines of finance; and you, too, Spirit of Wisdom, I revere your halls of learning and your meccas of science; I revel in you, Spirit of Liberty, I bow low before your majesty; but some way—I know not how—my spirit, the spirit of the American people, is being bruised and trammeled and blighted—(suddenly she points to the back of the stage and cowers as if in fear) there—there—what is it—I am afraid.

(A figure in a black coat of mail enters and stands at the back of the stage.)

THREE SPIRITS *(speaking together)*—It is the Spectre of War.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—I am afraid.

SPIRIT OF WEALTH—With my wealth in your hands, you have no cause for fear.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—But I seem to see men shot and torn and beeding.

SPIRIT OF WISDOM—Science can make war safe for the sons of America.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—Yes, but I seem to hear, from across the waters, the wail of little children and mothers whose homes American science has made desolate.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY—Yes, but do you not also hear the shouts of joy of a liberty-loving people?

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—No, rather I hear voices of the past—listen.

(The voices speak from behind the scenes in sepulchral tones.)

1ST VOICE—I am the ghost of those who died in '76. I can never rest in peace until America keeps faith. I shall forever haunt your dreams until that day when America knows no boundary lines.

(The Spirit of America seems about to speak and then stops as another voice is heard speaking.)

2ND VOICE—I am the ghost of those who died in the Civil War. In my ashes the emblem of brotherhood was born and until that time when America shall foster within her heart the love of all mankind, I cannot rest but must forever walk.

(The Spirit of America takes a step forward and again pauses as another voice speaks.)

3RD VOICE—I am the ghost of those who died that America might be safe. I gave my life that war might forever cease, and now I cannot rest, for America has broken faith.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—Cease, cease, ye voices of the past, for in your tones I seem to hear the sob of broken hearts. *(She lifts her arms in supplication.)* Oh, Spirit of Truth, come, that I may be free; break thou these shackles that bind and trammel my poor spirit and give to me instead a vision made perfect by love.

(There is a moment of silence while strains of martial music are heard and the flag flutters slightly and the Spirit of Truth enters. Truth is dressed in a blue gown and carries a shield of silver; a silver band is around her head and the long silver wand she carries is silver with a silver star on one end which can be lighted by means of a flashlight.)

SPIRIT OF TRUTH—Spirit of America, I have heard your call and I have come; I shall break the cords that bind your Spirit and shall reveal these guardian phantoms in their undisguised form.

(While Truth is speaking the beautiful gold robe drops from the Spirit of Wealth and he is seen in a meagre, straight black robe, still holding his money bags and bent almost to the ground. The Spirit of America shudders and draws back.)

SPIRIT OF TRUTH—Behold Wealth, stripped of his splendid robes, there is nothing there but the miser holding his pot of gold; he is bent to the ground with the load of his burden and never sees the hands of those who are hungry that are stretched to him in supplication.

(As Truth finishes speaking, she turns her wand upon Wisdom and his rich robes fall away and he also appears bent and drawn and as he moves bones are heard dropping together.)

SPIRIT OF TRUTH—I bid you look at Wisdom—divested of his gorgeous gown, he is musty with the smell of the laboratory and the rattle of bones are in his garments as he walks.

(The beautiful white robe of Liberty falls away as Truth turns her wand in her direction and she is seen with a narrow straight gown with a heavy chain about her body holding her arms to her side.)

SPIRIT OF TRUTH—Now, you see our Spirit of Liberty as she really is, with her arms tightly manacled by the chains of selfishness and ignorant desire—she cannot move for personal ambition.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA (sobbing)—Oh, Truth, you are cold, you are cruel—you have robbed me of all that I have held most dear, and I, the Spirit of America, am impoverished unto death.

(America covers her face with her hands and sinks slowly to the ground. The Spirits of Wealth and Wisdom stand on either side of the Spirit of Liberty, who stands in the center of the stage just behind the flag. The Spirit of America is in the center front with the Spectre of War pacing back and forth across the extreme back of the stage. Truth is on the right.)

SPIRIT OF TRUTH—Sometimes my little shaft of light doth hurt by the things that it reveals, but after me cometh one who binds up the wounds of the spirit and kisses with her caress the heart of him who is troubled.

(The Spirit of Love enters, left, and watches the Spirit of America who is sobbing and then crosses the stage and bends over her.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE—I am the Spirit of Love and I come in the name of Him who was called the Prince of Peace.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—I do not know you.

SPIRIT OF LOVE—No, you do not know me, for you have never felt the need of me; but today when Truth stripped the glamour from your eyes, you were naked and bleeding and I came as the messenger of One who forever keeps watch above His own. You have seen me before in your hospitals, in your churches and sometimes in your schools; you have seen me in mothers' eyes when you demanded their sons to sacrifice upon your altar, but you never recognized me until today; before America has felt safe, but now only the Spirit of Love can save you.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—Already I feel the cords about my soul loosening.

SPIRIT OF LOVE—Spirit of America, come, arise, put your hand in mine and we will relieve the travail that has been wrought in your heart.

(America arises and with her arm about her the Spirit of Love guides her to the Spirit of Wealth and they lift the robe of gold and place it about her shoulders and Love lays her hands upon the bags of gold and drawing away the outer covering reveals a beautiful bouquet of American beauty roses.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE—With the magic of my touch I have transformed that which was hard and uncom-

promising into a thing of beauty. Henceforth, Wealth, it shall be your task to scatter sunshine, not only in the pathway of America but in the pathway of the world.

(Wealth is now standing erect holding her armful of roses. The Spirit of America and the Spirit of Love cross the stage to the Spirit of Wisdom and lifting his robes fasten them about his shoulders. Love gives him an open Bible.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE—Spirit of Wisdom, you are very great and America needs you, but you are also dangerous unless ruled by me and I now place in your hands the leaven of all knowledge and the passport to all wisdom.

(The Spirit of Love and the Spirit of America go to the Spirit of Liberty and Love takes the chains from her arms while America puts her robe about her shoulders.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE—Spirit of Liberty, with this same chain that bound your hands, I shall forever bind the spectre that haunts your path. I shall give to you the torch of Truth and may you always reign in the light of its silver rays.

(The Spirit of Love puts the chain about the Spectre of War and taking the wand of Truth places it in the hands of the Spirit of Liberty, who takes one step backward onto a small raised pedestal and as she lifts the wand over the flag it begins to flutter and is finally waving back and forth and continues so during the rest of the pageant. The Spirit of Love takes the hand of the Spirit of America and leads her well down the center of the stage and places a crown on her head. The effect of the flag waving may be procured by the use of an electric fan placed at the rear of the platform.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE—Spirit of America, I crown you with the crown of Love and henceforth love shall rule in your heart.

(A figure dressed as an angel enters and stands by the side of the Spirit of America.)

May the Angel of Peace walk ever in your shadow.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA—No longer bowed by shame and humiliation, I stand on the shores of Time and look down the years. I see a world where toil has been replaced by healthful labor. I no longer hear the cry of hungry babies but I hear instead the laugh of happy children. I no longer hear the wheels of factories grinding out their toll of human lives but I hear instead the cheerful hum of industry keeping perfect rhythm with the beat of happy hearts. I see no battle-ships on parade but I see sails of commerce and they pause in happy greeting from the West and East and North and South, and I see the men of nations saluting each other as brother, friend, and behind and over all hovers Him of whom the angels sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to man."

BEULAH GREENE SQUIRES.

Correspondence

Disarmament

Editor of UNITY:

If any readers of UNITY had not previously known of the petition for International Disarmament which the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is distributing, they learned about it a few weeks ago when it was reproduced in full in UNITY under "The Field." I trust space will be granted me in the columns of UNITY to call attention to it again in case some few may have overlooked or forgotten it or may not have realized fully the opportunity offered by this move to make an impression upon those who hold in their hands the world's destiny; whose decisions and doings—or lack of them—within the coming year or two may have such momentous results, results that would be unprecedented in the annals of the world.

For when in any century has the question of international disarmament been brought before the nations till now? It may be that another world war (predicted to overwhelm the nations in five to ten years from now) or the preservation of world peace will depend on whether or not action is taken by the members of the disarmament commission at their next meeting in 1931 or 1932. If that be so and if the voice of the people in every land—an overpowering voice raised in a chorus of entreaty, remonstrance and command—would avail to awaken each member of the commission to a piercing sense of his inescapable duty and obligation, both to his own countrymen and to the world at large, then let that voice be sounded, as it were, through this disarmament petition; and may every responsible adult in every land seize upon the opportunity thus offered to affix his or her name in protest against the curse of war and in demanding that the one universal condition of military and naval preparations which tends to prolong and make more liable that curse and crime shall be forever abolished.

The petition reads:

"The undersigned men and women, irrespective of party, are convinced:

That competition in armaments is leading all countries to ruin without giving security;

That this policy renders future wars inevitable and that these will be wars of extermination;

That governmental assurances of peaceful policy will be valueless so long as those measures of disarmament are delayed that should be the first result of the Pact for the Renunciation of War;

They therefore ask for total and universal disarmament and request their government formally to instruct its delegates to the next disarmament conference to examine all proposals for disarmament that have been or may be made and to take the necessary steps to achieve real disarmament."

This petition was given to the public last August and has met with so much favorable comment from the daily press and other publications that it bids fair to create a stir throughout the world. It is printed in many languages for world-wide distribution, for the W. I. L. P. F., whose headquarters are at Geneva, maintains working sections in twenty-six countries and is affiliated with peace groups in other lands where it has no organized section. So the petition has already reached almost every country in the world. In England ten thousand signatures were secured by November. The United States lags behind. What can be done to rouse our people? Surely every peace-lover (synonymous with every reader of UNITY) can make special exertion to assist this move. There should be, at the very least, one million signatories in this country. Two million would be better.

As circulated in the United States the petition is printed in English, French and German and each copy has space for ten signatures. It offers every person who claims to desire peaceful settlement of international difficulties an opportunity to prove the sincerity of that claim by merely affixing his signature to the document. Copies can be obtained on request from the headquarters of the United States section of the Women's International League, 1805 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Would not one be a peculiar being, even if a non-believer in the efficacy of petitions, who would refuse to aid our world in its struggle to free itself from the shackles of war by withholding his name in this case? This petition does not oppose any political tenet as all parties claim they desire international peace; and world disarmament is the goal to be attained if the curse of war is to be banished.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

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Friday Morning Forum
10:30 o'clock

January—February—March, 1931

January 9—Percy Boynton, University of Chicago
Subject: *Hamlin Garland.*

January 16—Percy Boynton
Subject: *The Back Trailers.*

January 23—Mary Austin
Subject: *The American Indian.*

January 30—Jerome Davis, Yale University
Subject: *The Tragedy of Unemployment.*

February 6—Frederick Starr
Subject: *Manchuria.*

February 13—Frederick Starr
Subject: *Korea.*

February 20—Frederick Starr
Subject: *Japan's Problems.*

February 27—William Lester
Subject: *Craftsmanship in Music, Past and Present.*
Mrs. Margaret Lester, wife of Mr. Lester, will illustrate the lecture with songs.

March 6—James W. Johnson
Subject: *Black Manhattan.*

March 13—Thomas E. Tallmadge
Subject: *Modernism in Architecture*

March 20—Willis J. Abbott, Editor, "Christian Science Monitor"
Subject: *The Press and Foreign Relations*

March 27—All Day Seminar on Humanism, Leaders to be announced.

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A Message of Social Justice

Tishri, 5691—September, 1930
Issued by the Commission on Social Justice of the Central Conference of American Rabbis

The cycle of religious calendar now drawing to a close has been, on its material side, one of recession. Our vaunted prosperity has forsaken us. On the proverbial wheel of fortune, we have been in the descent. We trusted in our house, but it stood not; we laid hold of it but it endured not.

In these circumstances as on all kindred occasions, the poor have suffered acutely. Unemployment and destitution have become widespread, devastating homes and blighting human lives. The wealthy have likewise suffered. Great possessions have vanished in great losses. Dismal have been the results in anguish, despair, mental breakdown and suicide.

From lack of material means, many a worthy project has been abandoned. Grievous especially has been the curtailing of our benevolences precisely at a time when the need for benevolence is keenest.

Much has been said and written about the cause and the cure of these ills, yet thus far without much avail. The wisest have been as without knowledge and the men of understanding without discernment.

We yearn for the speedy dawn of a brighter day, when as so often in the past, prosperity will revive. But the present is a day of adversity in which we can but consider.

Our attention should turn in the perplexities of the hour to those factors which belong to the realms of mind and spirit, the realms in which religion holds sway. Want has come upon us not because nature has grown chary or human labor frail. Fears and hesitancies in human hearts have retarded the flow of commerce and slackened industry's whir. It was also the expectations and avidities in those same unseen depths that precipitated the rash speculative dealings whose aftermath we are now reaping. Indeed the very measure of the pain caused by our reverses is determined not by those reverses themselves but by the extent to which we are spiritually prepared or unprepared to meet them. Profound is the admonition of our sages: "Above all that thou guardest, keep thy heart; for out of it are the issues of life."

Another lesson of religious import to be derived from the present visitation is that of the sacred unity of all human life. Our afflictions have brought home to us the realization of the fact that none can suffer alone. When employers suffer, workers suffer. When consumers suffer, producers suffer. Each class needs the other for wages or for patronage. The riches of the rich are jeopardized by the poverty of the poor as the hopes of the poor are menaced by the blunders of the rich. We who have so long declared that God is one are now taught by hardship that humanity is one.

Then, the spectacle which has been unfolding before us of the deadly effect of unemployment, not merely upon material possessions but upon all the values of life, raises the struggle against unemployment to a sacred duty. Weighty is the obligation to consider the various expedients deemed helpful; for instance, the steady raising of the age below which children are kept in school and out of industry; mothers' pensions to reduce the number of women and of minors seeking work; old age pensions for those no longer acceptable to a machine industry which rejects age with its fidelity for youth with its vigor; a perfected system of employment exchanges eliminating waste, delays and errors in the linkage of workers needing situations with situations that need workers; unemployment insurance, already tried in foreign lands and in some American industries with good results; prosperity reserves on the part of the governments, and the planning of public construction in such wise as to offer a maximum of public employment when there is slackness of private employment; such bureaus of economic observation as will issue timely warning against the approach of economic decline, and counsel measures of forestalling it. Add to this ampler educational facilities and institutional care for those temporarily or permanently incapable of work.

The Central Conference of American Rabbis has commended the five

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Here, then, is one little thing that thousands can do to support the movement for international peace. Send for one or two copies of the petition and get ten signatures to each. If the number of signatures presented to the conference is only a minority of those in all countries who declare themselves to be friends of peace the huge petition may well be the determining factor that will induce the delegates to convention to take steps that will cause governments to turn definitely toward the goal of actual disarmament. For any government must yield to the pressure of an aroused, uncompromising public opinion. In that lies the hope of the world.

The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, one of the most conservative financial organs in the country, quoted the entire petition and published a long editorial in which it said: "The work is good and ought to be prosecuted vigorously." . . . "The women of the world ought all to sign these petitions, for they are the first and the last losers."

Let us add to that by saying that men also should sign and for more reasons than we can take space to enumerate. If our citizens bestir themselves they can roll up a list of signatories that will make the world pause and will leave no possible question as to the deep and unanimous desire of our people that peace shall prevail and endure forever.

Brookline, Mass. LYDIA G. WENTWORTH

Christmas Shopping

For small squares of linen they jostled and pushed.
They scattered and tossed
like sprays of confetti, red
squares, purple squares, white squares of cloth.
Long arms in mink fur,
black seal and gloved hands
tossed kerchiefs of linen
embroidered and dotted,
cascades of confetti,
at three for a quarter,
one dollar a dozen.

Small white hands, tired hands,
dull young eyes, weary bodies
that bend over squares of linen,
embroidering, scalloping, hemming and stitching
on yellow squares, purple squares, white squares, green squares.
At dawn,
at dusk,
embroidering and stitching
on small squares of linen
at three for a quarter,
one dollar a dozen.

CLARA LOUISE OSGOOD.

day working week which has already been adopted in various industries with success. If our constantly improving machinery with its displacement of human workers is not to produce unemployment before it produces aught else, not only must the number of working days a week be reduced; there must also be a diminution of the number of working hours a day with corresponding increases of wage rates, enabling all workers to earn sufficiently.

Corollary to this is sympathy with the cause of organized labor, perhaps the most potent of all forces for securing hours and wages requisite for neutralizing unemployment and for the civic and spiritual development of the worker. The issue of organized labor brings to mind the disheartening developments at Elisabethtown, Marion and Gastonia as well as the spirit of social endeavor with which Jewish, Protestant and Catholic religious leaders have, during the past year, joined in applying to the turmoil their common principles of brotherly love. It is our profound hope that these principles may soon be accepted and applied in the southern textile situation and in all industry.

Following in the wake of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Universalists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Unitarians have, of late, resolved upon an intelligent attitude toward birth control. Birth is one of the many forces of nature which like steam, air, gravitation, electricity and chemical balance, succumb to human control as civilization progresses. Where the intelligent regulation of birth can avert suffering and degradation, the voice of mercy speaks. That voice should not go unheeded. It went not unheeded among the sages of the Jewish past.

The social creed of the Rabbis suggests yet other ways of aiding those who toil. It urges investors to put humanity first, not dividends first, when deciding which industries to favor. Investments should be withheld from enterprises in which reasonable standards of hours, wages and working conditions are ignored and should be directed to those whose standards are high. Attention should also be given the white lists provided for certain industries. By means of the white lists, we can, as consumers, bestow our patronage where humane conditions prevail and divert it from ventures which lack scruple in the matter of overwork, underpay and unhygienic shop conditions.

The days have now arrived on which we supplicate God's mercy. Our sages have said: "As one showeth mercy to God's creatures, one receiveth mercy from on high." Again, without love for humanity, love toward God is an empty phase. Our economic views may exhibit diversity. Yet, in the conviction that love is supreme, all of us can unite. Those who differ greatly may, in the spirit of love and social justice take fruitful counsel together. Where that spirit is absent, even small differences eventuate in conflict.

May the New Year be both a happy and a consecrated one. May there be inscribed anew upon our hearts the purpose to live for humanity and by living for humanity to live anew in God.

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